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Central Stakes, a sweepstakes for two-year-olds, \$50 each, h. f., \$600 added, \$100 to second, one mile—Rancocas Stable's Dwyer, 107, favorite, first, in 1:53 1/4; Mille, 111, second, by eight lengths. The Dixie Stakes, for three-year-olds, \$100 each, h. f., \$1,500 added, \$500 to second, two miles—W. L. Scott's East Lynne, 115, favorite, first, in 3:49 1/4; Richmond, 118, second, by six lengths; Longview, 115, third, by four lengths; Tolu, 4-110, third, by two lengths. The Great Potomac Steeplechase, handicap, \$50 each, h. f., \$800 added, \$200 to second, \$100 to third, penalties, about two miles and a half—M. N. Nolan's Bourke Cochran, aged, 169, favorite, first, in 6:37 1/4; Repeater, 142, second, by four lengths; Quebec, 6-157, third, close up.

Oct. 15, weather cool and pleasant, attendance good and track very bad: Purse \$500, of which \$100 to second, welter-weights, allowance, one mile—J. E. McDonald's Sam Brown, 5-146, favorite, first, in 1:49; Elmendorf, 3-137, second, by nearly a length; Colonel Clark, 3-137, third. The Oriole Handicap, a sweepstakes for all ages, \$50 each, h. f., \$600 added, \$100 to second, a mile and a furlong—Oden Bowie's Bessie, 5-100, first, in 2:01 1/4; Swift, 5-107, favorite, second, by a length; Enigma, 4-101, third, by less than a length. Purse \$500, welter-weights, under the scale, \$100 to second, penalties, non-winning and maiden allowances, a mile and five furlongs—J. E. McDonald's Fostel, 6-110, favorite, first, in 3:01 1/4; Tolu, 4-108, second, by a length; Enigma, 4-101, third, by less than a length. Purse \$500, welter-weights, under the scale, \$100 to second, penalties, non-winning and maiden allowances, a mile and five furlongs—J. E. McDonald's Fostel, 6-110, favorite, first, in 3:01 1/4; Tolu, 4-108, second, by a length; Enigma, 4-101, third, by less than a length.

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AQUATIC.

COMING EVENTS.

Oct. 24—Race for Faust Cup, St. Louis, Mo.
Oct. 26—Scullers' match, E. Hanlan vs. J. Teemer, Albany, N. Y.
Oct. 28—Scullers' match, G. Hosmer vs. J. Laing, Worcester, Mass.

THE DOUBLE-SCULL RACE.

Hanlan and Lee Win.

Postponed from the day originally fixed because the falling rain kept away the sightseers upon whom Manager Hickey depended to reimburse him for the purse offered, and put off still another day for the reason that the water was so bad that the double-scull race between E. Hanlan and G. W. Lee, on one side and C. E. Courtney and P. H. Conley on the other, for a purse of two thousand dollars, took place Oct. 15, over a stated course of three miles, with a turn on the Hudson River, at Pleasantville, near Albany. The water was clear and bracing, while the condition of the water was excellent. Several thousand spectators were present, but the repeated postponements and the strong impression which had obtained in the minds of many that the affair was simply an out-and-out imposture, had decided upon the merits of the men as oarsmen, occasioned a material diminution of the number who would have witnessed the contest had the public repose confidence in the honesty of purpose of the parties to the exhibition. Doubtless a large proportion of those who did attend, felt that they were paying their money for the sake of being duped, and this feeling must have gained strength as they observed the display made by the two O's, so strikingly in contrast with the fine exhibition of good oarsmanship and steering which characterized their former race over the same course, when they handily defeated so good a done as Courtney and Hosmer in much faster time than was given out for the affair of last week. Below is a telegraphed account, from which our readers can draw their own conclusions: Half an hour before the race surprising odds were given on Courtney, who sold at \$30 to \$20 and \$25 for Hanlan. Courtney was at \$16 was taken, with Courtney as first choice. The public could not account for this confidence in the Courtney people. Little money was wagered, however. At 4 p. m. 30, Referee Ormond shouted "Go!" Hanlan and Lee caught the water with a clear, powerful stroke, and made a start which was caught napping. Neither sat at the instant squarely in his seat. Courtney, indeed, was looking about him, and before he or his mate had touched the water, the others were away ten feet at least. Here the race began and ended. Hanlan and Lee settled down to steady work, and the crews kept the same relative distance to the mile. At the end of the first mile Hanlan and Lee increased the gap. Courtney and Conley steered wildly. They zigzagged all over the course, from the mile to the turn, which they made clumsily. They rowed steadily after making the turn. Entering on the last mile Hanlan and Lee had the race well in hand, and began to take things coolly, with three open lengths between them and Courtney and Conley, giving the latter their wash. When two and one-half miles were completed Hanlan and Lee rested a few seconds, and again further on. When Courtney and Conley had nearly reached their stern Hanlan and Lee settled down to work, and, with a dozen strokes, sent their shell four lengths into the lead, but slacked up and won by three lengths. Their stated time was 18m. 15s.; Courtney and Conley's, 18m. 24s.

GOULD VS. HERRESHOFF.—Having been unable to secure the race he was after between the Siletto and the Atlanta on the Hudson, John B. Herreshoff has made formal protest to the American Yacht Club against the recent action of the regatta committee in awarding the prizes in dispute to the Atlanta. He raises the point that the committee had no right to reverse their original decision, which was in favor of the Siletto. A meeting of the club has been called for Oct. 27 to consider the protest.

J. A. GAUDIN vs. A. H. HAMM.—Having been secured to row a three-mile race for a purse at Crève Cour Lake, near St. Louis, Mo., shortly. Hamm will receive a start of five seconds.

BOWING IN BRAZILIAN WATERS.

A correspondent of *The Baltimore Sun* on board the flag ship Lancaster, of the South American squadron, writing from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Sept. 15, gives the following brief account of a regatta between ships' crews, in which America's representatives won honors.

The boat-racing spirit which had been dormant since the defeat of our "Uncle Sam" in Southampton a year ago is being again, and several boats' crews are practicing every morning and night. Yesterday, Sept. 14, a grand international regatta, a continuation of the 7th of September festivities, came off, and our barge entered in the 14-oz. boat race. The prize consisted of a beautiful silver bowl containing four crystal goblets, three smaller ones at the base and one on top. Beneath the upper bowl is a female figure in silver, holding a basket in her hands. The whole is valued at twenty-seven pounds sterling. Our barge won the race by a mile and received the prize to-day, when it was duly exhibited on the half-deck. The race track was across the mouth of the harbor, five miles in a straight line, and visible from the city. The opposing boat was a Brazilian barge, a smart-looking craft. A crew from the Nipic pulled our second cutter in another race and won a prize valued at fifteen pounds. An English whale-boat from the Ruby also won a prize. The Brazilian crews won nothing, though they had some smart-looking boats.

YALE CLASS RACES.

The annual Fall races between the classes of Yale College were rowed at Lake Saltonstall, near New Haven, Oct. 14, with the following result.

Single-oar shells, a mile and a half, turn—Robert Appleton, '86, first, in 11m. 47s.; Percy Bolton, '86, second, in 12m. 56s.; F. R. Cooley, '86, third, in 14m. 28s.; C. E. Heller, '86, last, in 15m. 38s.

Six-oar coxed boats, one mile, straight—Academic Freshmen, Beckwith (bow), Mosle, Donnelly, Newell, West, Bishop (stroke), Ames (coxswain), first, in 6m. 58s.; Scientific Freshmen, Bull (bow), Bond, Dockendorff, Carter, Stewart, Franchet (stroke), Esterbrook (coxswain), second, by sixteen seconds.

Eight-oar shells, two miles, straightway—Juniors, Copley (bow), Hartridge, Burke, Hare, Holly, Middlebrook, Rogers, Caldwell (stroke), Haven (coxswain), first, in 12m. 28s.; Sophomores, Woodward (bow), Hurd, Bissell, Campbell, Cross, Farington, Lux, Stevenson (stroke), Youmans (coxswain), second, in 12m. 30s. It was one of the hardest races ever rowed by class crews, and both were quite exhausted at the finish. Referee, Alf. Cowles.

BASEBALL.

THE SONG OF THE CHICAGOS.

Would you ask me whence this legend,
Whence the story of the Autumn
I would answer, I would tell you,
'Tis the song of How we got there,
Of the Kicker pool, the young men,
And the boosters, the Manhattan,
In the land of the Pormkahkas,
From the East came the Manhattan,
From the land of Knickerbocker,
Came with mighty talk from Mutrie,
This fable, this legend, this song,
Saying: "We will teach these coppers,
Feeble coppers of the prairie,
How to wield the heavy wumpum,
Put them to the test of the ball—
How will humble the Pormkahkas!"
Then the wise men, the Pormkahkas,
Sent the Kicker pool, the young men,
Saying to them: "Meet these giants,
Put an end to all this nonsense,
Strip them of their gaudy wumpum,
Hand down to them what the game of ball is!"
And the Kicker pool, the young men,
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ENGLISH YACHTS OVERSAILED.

100FLETS.

The Middle Park Pace, \$150 each, for 1000 yds. 1st, \$25.00 added, \$1,000 to send home to third place. Fullerton, 1st; 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

out of Mariposa

raised by W. H. Jackson, who will put her in the harem near Nashville, Tenn. . . . Having decided to retire from the turf proper, Miles of his racing stable and four-year-old colts. He will continue the business of breeding at the McGrathiana Stock farm. The Champion Stakes, \$100 each, h. f., 4-year-olds, one mile, two furlongs and seventy-three yards, run for at Newmarket, Eng., 15, was won in a canter by Paradox, 3—117, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, the Grand Prize of Paris and the Sussex Stakes, and second to Melton for the Epsom Derby. Duke of Richmond, 4—126, was second and Aveline

R. Brasfield
ce at Lexingt

—114, third. W. R. Brasfield's combination sale of trotters took place at Lexington, Ky., Oct. 15. The combination was made up of 120 stallions, of which were sold for an aggregate of \$26,500, an average of \$241. The stable on Commodore Klitsun's Erdenheim Stud-farm used for broodmares was destroyed by fire Oct. 15. Fortunately none of the mares were in the stable at the time. The new 1000 ft. track owned by S. S. Slaughter, O'Connor & Co. of Dallas, Texas, and valued at over \$7,000, fell dead during the free-for-all pacing race at Mystic Park Oct. 16. Lord Rosebery's Koster, by Dutch Skater, 122lb, on Oct. 16 won the 1000 ft. race at Mystic Park. The 1840s and 1830s, at Newmarket, Eng.; St. George, 119, second, and Sagitta, 119, third. J. A. Flack, the Tammany candidate for County Clerk, is a member of the American Jockey Club. 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2 TICK

DEATH OF EDGAR WILLISHER

His famous English bowler died Oct. 1 at his residence in Lewisham, Eng. He was the youngest of a family of fourteen and was born Nov. 22, 1821, at Rolvenden in Kent. His elder brothers taught him bowling when he was only eight or nine years old. Removing to Maidstone in 1845 his cricketing career may be said to have then commenced, and for about twenty-five years thereafter he played professionally. Willisner was left-handed both as a batsman and bowler. His bowling was fast and ripping, round armed, and with a twist from the leg to the off. His performances at times were brilliant in the extreme, especially Eleven and Eighteen. His bowling was noted for accuracy the "Lion of Kent." It may be mentioned that in the match at Manchester between the England and England XI, he bowled 164 balls for 16 runs (inferior batsmen), June 27, 1861, he at one period of the game delivered 100 successive balls for one run only. He was a batsman of no great skill, but he was useful in the first inning of England, he bowled 164 balls for 16 runs, against some of the best batsmen in the day. He was one of the few who, when about to bowl, walk up to the crease. He was naturally straight. His batting was very good, hitting freely and well, combined at times with great steadiness. He was a batsman of no great skill, but he was useful, or about 1867, a great deal of prejudice existed at the time against him as a bowler, which, however, was more unjust, as his delivery was perfectly fair in every respect. He was a well-known and popular member of the stanchest of cricketers. When Prince's was at its zenith he had charge of the ground-bowlers throughout the season, and he was the chief match-maker, until compelled by ill-health to stand down.

IN ENGLAND, during the season recently completed Surrey beat the record for the largest score in one innings in county matches, by scoring 631 runs against Sussex at Bath, on August 11.

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THE RETURN GAME between the Zingari and the States Island League was played Oct. 17 at Staten Island. The Zingari won the game by 73 to 42. They will

including Martin of the Ma

THE ZINGARI, the team including Morris, Tyers, Stamlamar, Cuddihy, Zine, Thee and Meritt of the Manhattan. Ushew was the captain. The trial match against the Island Club was lost out for 17. Cuddihy with 6 wickets for 28 runs was the best bowling for the Zingari. Butler landing on his side.

THERE IS AN MOVEMENT on foot among professional cricketers of this city, Philadelphia and Boston to get together an eleven for the purpose of visiting Australia and New Zealand. The players named are Morris, Handford and Brathwaite, Tyers, Chambers, Butler, and Usher. It is expected that the party will consist of five or six first class amateurs plus one or two who will complete the team, the venture was suggested by Morris.

THE ZINGARI, including members of the Manhattan Cricket Club, have been invited to play at the Newark, New York and St. George Clubs, defeated eleven of the Staten Island Club Oct. 15, with 22 runs in 10 overs. The Zingari were bowled out for 15 runs in 10 overs. McGregor leading for the Staten Island. The respective totals—Zingari, 73 and 51; Staten Island, 29 and 38. Lambkin and Cuddihy led in bowling for the Zingari.

BOWLING.

country in
contemplates vi

... A snowshoe and toboggan club was formed at Alliston, Can., recently. Officers: President, M. Kirkland; secretary, E. Thompson; treasurer, S. Gordon; captain, John Stewart.

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ber.

... A snowshoe and toboggan club was formed at Alliston, Can., recently. Officers: President, M. Kirkland; secretary, E. Thompson; treasurer, S. Gordon; captain, John Stewart.

FROM THE SAME CANTEN.

From hill and plane to the State of Maine
The veterans toiled along.
And they rent the air with the tuneful blare
Of trumpets and of song.
That their throats were dry there will none deny,
But little they recked, I ween,
As they gathered round on the old campground
To drink from the same canteen.

The tales of old were again retold,
And they sang of the War once more—
Till the word went round like a trumpet-sound:
"Let us drink from the same canteen."
A rapturous gleam that was fair to see
Enveloped the martial scene.
But there came a chance that was pitiful strange
When they drank from the old canteen.

The veteran throng sings now a song
That is keyed in the grand old strain,
And the air is blue with the hullabaloo
Of the soldiers who marched to Maine;
Not even feet is the proffered cheer,
Nor a jug or a flask is seen.
But it's lemonade of a watery grade
That they drink from the same canteen.

—Williamsport breakfast table.

BEN HEWLETT'S WHALE.

A Successful Manager's Interesting Little History.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY R. B. HILL.

No showman in the country has had a more varied experience than Ben Hewlett, who is now the respected manager of a few successful theatres in one of the leading Southern cities. Mr. Hewlett was in New York for some weeks during the summer, securing engagements for the coming season, and the boys determined to give him a supper. It was known that there was something a little queer about his sudden rise in the world, for there are many of "the profession" who remember him a few years back as the harassed proprietor of a dubious side-show organization, and who remember that at that time the genial Ben had been interested in a Bowery museum, which went to smash through the avarice of a giant who insisted on having more than the gross receipts of the concern during his engagement.

So it was thought that under the mellowing influence of good company, plenty of wine and the fumes of fragrant cigars, Mr. Hewlett might be led to unobscure himself and "give away" the details of his rocket-like rise in the world. The sequel will show that the boys judged rightly.

A neater supper was never served, and a more appreciative, brilliant and good-natured set of thespians were never assembled around a festive board than greeted Mr. Hewlett. Between the clinking of the glasses the guest of the evening was gently led onward to the verge of his recital, and when the cigars were lit he was ripe for it.

"Now, old boy, tell us all about it—make a clean breast and have done with it," said Will Rosetter, the new leading man engaged for Mr. Hewlett's theatre. Whereupon Ben smiled slightly, threw himself back in his chair, and began to tell of his career. "Of course there's a woman at the bottom of it," he said; "there's always a woman at the bottom of most everything in this world, good or evil; but, thank Heaven, the little woman at the bottom of this episode of my life is always for good and never for evil. Before we proceed let us drink to her, and to this dear little woman." The party stood, and the glasses clinked.

"You see," continued Ben when all were again seated, "I played in infernally hard luck after I made that big success in Philadelphia in 1876. I took the same company of freaks and other curiosities on the road, but I guess everybody had been to the Centennial and had seen my show there, for business was awful light. So in 1878 I abandoned the side-show racket, and went to work to study out a novelty—something that would astonish the natives.

"There was a good deal in the papers about that time concerning sea-serpents, and my mind got to running on this sort of phenomena. I wanted a sea-serpent, but, as I had no idea where to corral the genuine article, it flashed into my head that I might, with a little trouble, manufacture something that would look horrible enough to satisfy the public. So I read up on sea-serpents, carefully cut out of the papers all the graphic descriptions of these reptiles that the imaginative reporters evolved, and preserved all the wood-cuts representing them that I came across. Better than this, I incidentally heard of a poor devil who was just recovering from his second series of *delirium tremens*, and visited him. I made him tell me over and over exactly how the monsters that had pursued him looked, until I had formed my ideal of what a first-class, blood-curdling sea-serpent ought to be. Then, being in Boston at the time I took the horse-cars and went over to Chelsea and consulted with the proprietors of a big rubber factory in that town. The result was that in three or four weeks I had ready for business one of the most terrific-looking amphibious beasts ever dreamed of by a drunken sailor.

"I made a prospectus to anchor the sea-serpent pretty close to a high-toned hotel at one of the fashionable beach resorts near Boston, and had ready entered into negotiations with some of the boys on the daily press of the Hub to give the varmint a good write-up, when the hotel-keeper weakened, and then I made up my mind to strike Southward.

"One beautiful August morning I found myself in Norfolk, Va., with the serpent packed carefully away in a big box. I left it in my room at the hotel, while Charlie Wright, my assistant, and myself went out to interview the natives and ascertain where to make a good stand. This part of the business had to be carried on in a very delicate manner, as we were entire strangers, and it would never do to have the people suspect what our little game was.

"In a certain barroom we met a group of talkative idlers, and learned that a few miles from the city an immense new hotel had recently been opened by a party who expected that all his rooms would be taken at once by Washington, Baltimore and Northern aristocrats in search of health and recreation. But it seemed that the new hotel was over-sanguine. So far, his business had been miserable, and it was said that he was on the point of closing up his house. Something told me that this was my man, and at once set to work to get an interview with him. The next steamer that ran by the big new hotel landed me there. I found that the landlord was really in despair; the season was at its height, and yet his several hundred rooms were nearly all vacant. After an hour's talk with him he seemed to have a faint idea of what I meant, and we came to an understanding. My assistant and myself returned to Norfolk and unpacked the sea-serpent.

"In the cold, dim, gray dawning of the next morning two rough-looking seamen wearing heavy pea-jackets rowed ashore right in front of the big hotel where so many rooms were vacant. These uncouth men set up a loud howling as they staggered out on the beach, which caused the windows of the few rooms occupied by guests to be thrown up and heads to be thrust forth. Soon the pitiful story of two poor shipwrecked mariners who had barely escaped with their lives when their good vessel went down, and who had rowed many leagues in the darkness of night, spread through the house, and the pity which this story awakened was mingled with a feeling of curiosity and excitement aroused by a strange tale told by the mariners of a terrible and wonderful sea-beast that had seen only a short distance from the hotel beach.

"Parties were at once organized and boats put out to look for the serpent, which was found as represented in a little cove, lashing the water with its fearful tails and opening and shutting its three or four pairs of jaws with savage regularity. The scared beholders did not know that those awful tails and frightful fangs were manipulated by hidden ropes pulled by the two unfortunate seamen in pea-jackets, who were concealed among the trees close to the bank. It would have been cruel to spoil their love of the horrible and sensational by letting them into all the vulgar details.

"After the serpent had given a pretty good performance, he was scientifically submerged, and

the astounded people went back to the hotel to prate of the sight they had seen. Well, to make a long story short, the whole Southern sea-board went wild over the sea-serpent and the tale that had erstwhile been as a graveyard furnished like a green bay-tree. The serpent was judiciously moved (at night, of course) from one point to another, and middle-class scientists, heroic young fishermen and others of a too-inquiring disposition were never brought to approach near to it. Plenty of word of a success as it was for that miserable, niggardly landlord, I got left pretty badly, for one night an oyster-dredging party ran their clumsy puggy into the delicate mechanism of my beautiful serpent and cut him all to pieces. The oyster dredgers never knew, perhaps, what they had done, but I did the next morning when we went to prepare the snake for an exhibition.

"To add to my bad luck, the avaricious and ungrateful landlord got mad and refused to pay me one quarter of what he had agreed to. My assistant and myself went back to Norfolk both feeling pretty bitter.

"But I determined to get even with these Virginians before I left them, and to this end I engaged my brain for a new scheme. All at once it came to me—like an inspiration, as somebody has said. I turned to Charlie Wright and said:

"'An there are no 'freaks' or curiosities of any kind that we can get hold of in this God-forsaken country, I'll make something that they'll all come to see. Charlie, I'm going to have a whale!'

"The boy stared as if his eyes would pop out of his head, but as he knew that I was speaking in earnest he said nothing. The first thing to be done, I told him, was to find a good retired place in which to work. It must be out-of-doors, and where no curious, peering eyes could play the spy. In the task of finding such a place I sent Charlie, and then I went down to the wharf and took up my stand among the barrels of the day I purchased three empty sugar-hogsheads, one very large and two of a smaller size. Then I got about a hundred yards of heavy, unbleached cotton cloth; some boards, staves, laths; three or four old buggy shafts; hammers, nails, paint, brushes, and a feather-duster with its handle of feathers in it. These materials had been carried by different draymen to one spot, where they lay piled up in heterogeneous, inharmonious crookedness of outline.

"The night my man Charlie reported that he had found the very place in which to work. A boy had led to the old colored resident, telling him that he was about to graduate from college, and wanted to find a spot where he might practice oratory all day long and where no human being would interrupt him. The old man had showed him the place, and been paid for his trouble.

"It is a little grove on Col. Mayhew's plantation," said Charlie, "and not far from the beach. Nobody ever ventures on the Colonel's land, for the old man has filled a good many trespassers full of buckshot. Just now he is down with rheumatism, and we will be safe. There is a house at the house of his daughter, who has recently come home from school, and I guess she won't pepper us."

"I hired a mule team of a thrifty African, and by the light of the moon Charlie and I transferred the purchases of the day to Col. Mayhew's isolated chestnut grove. The old man, who is a right early Charlie blood guard, and I commenced the manufacture of an A1 sperm whale.

"An old fakir had told me once how the thing could be done in case of necessity, and I had not forgotten his words. And wasn't this a case of necessity? If the eyes of the natives were to be kept away from the beach, I was a stranger in a strange land, almost a pauper, the sea-serpent, my pride and hope, destroyed by ruthless hands and my rights laughed to scorn by a grasping Summer-hotel leech whom I had saved from bankruptcy. Verily, said I, the people who had danced must be ignored also. I've not been in it was a big job I had on hand, but I threw off my coat and tackled it with good spirit. First, I placed my biggest hoghead on its side and then laid one of the smaller barrels on either side of it—each small barrel being placed about twelve feet from the head and tail of the whale. I then placed laths to the sides and top of all three barrels, securing them firmly together and giving the structure much the shape of a huge fish—large in the middle and tapering at both ends. It was dark by the time I got this much done, for there was a great deal of sawing, nailing, hammering, etc., required, and I was not a carpenter by trade. Charlie and I went back to town and that night I slept very sweetly. Reward of honest toil, you know.

"I was pretty stiff in my joints the next morning, but we went bravely to work. We made the framework for the head and tail during that day. The tail was formed with laths artistically shaped, and the huge mouth and jaws were mapped out by a skillful arrangement of the carriage shafts.

"On the third day we began to put the skin on. Charlie helped me at this, as sewing does not require one to make noise, and I didn't take up many hours to cover up the framework with the canvas, and I had just commenced the task of painting the fish the proper color, when a musical, chiming voice at my back exclaimed:

"'Goodness, why it's as big as a whale!'

"The paint-pot nearly fell from my grasp, so startled was I. But I mustered up all the courage I possessed and forced myself to turn and see who it was that had discovered—and ruined us.

"The girlish face that peered out from its framework of green shrubbery was frank, pretty and winning. The brown eyes winked merrily as if to say: 'I know you're little game, but I've got the kind of girl to give it away; in fact, I rather like it!'

"I couldn't speak, but had sense enough left to reply to her hat to the apparition of beauty, upon which beauty gathered up her dainty skirts and, tripping into my open space by my side, pointed at my handiwork and artfully asked:

"'What is it?'

"I looked in her eyes and somehow seemed to know that I could trust her. 'It's a whale,' I answered. Whereupon she laughed until she cried, and danced about in a perfect paroxysm of delightful hysterics. By the time she had finished her capering around, Charlie had dusted off a space on the whale's tail and politely asked her to sit down.

"Now," said she, when her laughing fit had somewhat subsided, 'won't you tell me what it's for? You see, I'm so wretchedly homesome here that I must perform before the natives. I've been here long from Staunton, where I've been in the seminary for four years, and where we girls did have such good times. And dear papa is down with the rheumatism, as is cross as a bear, and there's nobody to talk to and nowhere to go. I'm so glad I've found you two gentlemen, and I'm sure you'll tell me what you are making. Now, won't you tell me all about it if I promise truly and cross my heart not to tell?'

"How could I resist this delightfully frank and beautiful girl? I couldn't, but just sat down close to her, introduced myself and my assistant, and then, with as much eloquence as I could command, launched into a detailed account of the outrages we had suffered at the hands of her fellow-countrymen.

"She sympathized beautifully, and was perfectly carried away with the boldness, originality and audacity of my whale scheme.

"So you're going to make the inside of his mouth and his gums with that common little feather-duster, are you?" she said excitedly. "Now, Mr. Hewlett, I've got a much better idea than that: I'll sew you some nice red-fannel gums for him in just the right shape and papa has got a whole lot of animal's and fishes' teeth which I'll bring if you'll accept them."

"And off this lovely bit of sinner went to fetch the articles. She remained with us all that day while the painting progressed. Indeed, she brought out her own delicate artist's materials, and made much better eyes for the whale than I could have done.

"It's just too delightfully jolly," she would say. "How they would rave if they ever found out how we had fooled them!"

"Yes, this charming Miss Mayhew actually considered herself one of us—put herself on a level with Ben Hewlett and Charlie Wright, two as shady side-showmen (I've reformed since, you know) as ever 'blowed' to the groaning of a sick hand-organ.

"At last the whale was finished, and he was a beauty. I had telegraphed North for one of my largest tents, and it had arrived and been set up on a vacant lot in Norfolk. Nettie for so we had come to call Miss Mayhew already furnished us with her father's big wagon and four oxen, and the whale was loaded up. On either side of the wagon were great strips of canvas with huge letters painted thereon, telling that this was the largest whale ever captured, and when and where it was to be exhibited.

By a circuitous route the wagon was driven into town and to the depot, and there a grand procession, consisting of a brass band, the whale and three or four thousand negroes, was formed.

"The exhibition was a success; all the visitors were kept at a respectful distance from his whale-ship by means of a railing, and some of the most learned savants of Norfolk were beautifully taken in. Miss Mayhew came every day, and always brought a crowd of young ladies and gentlemen with her. She said she liked to hear me dilate upon the wonders of natural history, a little of which 'tarry' I introduced into my hourly lectures on the whale.

"But somehow it always made me feel bad to see her with those young fellows with whom she chatted so gaily. I felt small, because I knew that she knew what a transparent cheap fraud I was.

"We had been showing for nearly a week, when one day she came to the tent and invited me to dine with her father and herself that evening. 'Don't tell him about the whale being a manufactured one,' said she, 'and when I tell him I told him I had met you at a friend's house.'

"I found the Colonel a bluff but good-hearted Southern gentleman, and as I knew something of the subjects upon which he liked to discourse, I soon had him laughing, and when I left he slapped me on the back and asked me to come again.

"The whale drew good business for two weeks longer, and during this time I was in Miss Mayhew's society nearly every day. She was one of the most charming and delightful creatures I had ever met, and as she had been taking care of herself since childhood, her mother having died when Nettie was an infant, she had acquired certain independent, Bohemian ways that exactly corresponded with mine. Yes, boys, I was in love with a rebel girl, and I never felt so tied to a place before as I did to Norfolk just then. Day after day I tried to make up my mind to leave, but it was of no use—one bright smile or pleasant word from that dear girl set all my resolutions to flight. I let Charlie Wright attend to the show pretty much as he pleased, and you could generally find me at Nettie's apron-strings.

"But an end has to come to all things, and so an end was put to my undetermined course in dawdling about Col. Mayhew's plantation.

"One evening, as my charmer and I strolled along the banks of the beautiful Elizabeth River, she informed me that the next afternoon she would take the boat for Baltimore, where she was going to visit some relatives. I never knew until that moment how much I loved her. My heart seemed to stand still; I tried to speak, but could not utter a word. My eyes met hers, and I thought that as her lashes fell there was a bluish suffusion of her cheek and brow. It was pretty dark, and I could not see about it. But I could not speak, could not utter a syllable. We walked on, she trying to keep up a conversation, I silent as any boorish, bashful country lad in the presence of his mistress.

"Presently she did not try to make me talk any more. She simply said, 'Well, if you're not going to say anything to me and are angry, I can't help it.' 'I looked full in her face and saw tears gathering in her eyes, and her sweet lips all of a quiver. She loved me! This beautiful, high-bred, noble girl loved me, who was only known as a tricky showman! Perchance she thought, perhaps I shouldn't have done it, but I could never bear to see a woman in trouble, and so it was that right then and there I found my tongue, and, having said a few words with which I became the possessor of the most priceless jewel that is vouchsafed to man on earth—the pure love of a true woman—she said she was going home.

"Well, of course the Colonel kicked at first, but what could he do? In the first place, I loved Nettie and Nettie loved me, and we were resolved not to be parted. In the next place, Nettie was the possessor of a snug fortune in her own right, left her by her mother, and being aged was her own mistress. Thirdly, the Colonel liked me very well and knew nothing against me, being ignorant of the sea-serpent business and the anatomy of my whale. Therefore he gave a grumbling consent, and Nettie hugged and kissed him into good humor.

"But my lady-fair herself had an unexpected objection to interpose.

"'Look here, sir,' said she that evening when I was leaving her; 'we have both been very wicked and have done wrong, and I'll never marry you until you promise me to do one thing.'

"'Take that thing that whale—and sink it in the river, and never deceive people again.'

"I hesitated a little at first, but Nettie frowned and I promised.

"The next night there was heard a great splash in the river off Portsmouth, and the whale, like the one in the 'Olive-tree' song, was seen no more.

"Nettie and I were married in time, and I'm now the manager of as neat a theatre, that serves up as wholesome and legitimate dramas, as any temple of the Muses in the country. Let us fill up our glasses again, boys, and drink once more to the good angel that crossed my path in time to reform me."

CHECKERS.

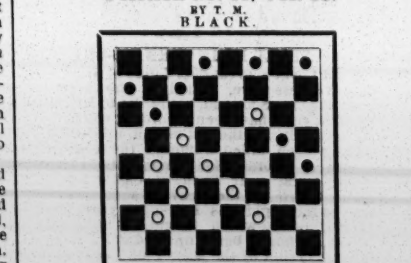
To Correspondents.
H. DAVIS—Wyllie is probably as strong as any player in Europe.

Game 31, Vol. 33.
"Off-hand" game between Peter Sutter and Dr. Bowlsby.
White, Bowlsby. Black, Sutter.

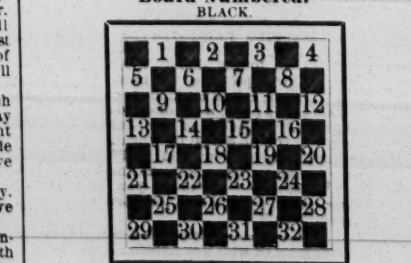
1. 11 to 15 23 to 15 12. 1 to 10 26 to 28(b)
2. 8 to 12 27 to 24 13. 15 to 11 25 to 22
3. 4 to 8 24 to 20 14. 15 to 11 18 to 15
4. 12 to 16 32 to 27 15. 2 to 6 30 to 26(c)
5. 8 to 12 27 to 24 16. 2 to 6 30 to 26(c)
6. 9 to 13 21 to 17 17. 20 to 24 26 to 23
7. 6 to 9 25 to 21 18. 19 to 26 28 to 19
8. 16 to 19 28 to 25 19. 26 to 30 29 to 26
9. 12 to 19 20 to 16(a) 20. 30 to 26 19 to 16
10. 11 to 27 18 to 11 21. 6 to 10 11 to 7
11. 7 to 16 31 to 6 22. 10 to 15 B. wins.

(a) An even exchange, but a losing move for White.
(b) He has no better move.
(c) White "dies hard."

Position No. 31, Vol. 33.
BY T. M. BLACK.



WHITE.
Black to play and win.



BLACK.
Black to play and win.

SKENAW—While the checker-column of *The Providence Telegram* has been re-established, that of *The Cincinnati Commercial* has been discontinued.

THE friends of Charles F. Barker continue in newspaper antagonism to the Providence Checker Club over a trifling matter (it of course "involves a principle") of eight dollars and fifty cents. The Barker-Hefner match hangs fire, in consequence.

BIRKENSHAW, the Leeds, Eng., player, intends to challenge the winner of the English championship match set for next January.

J. TOWAR of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng. has been chosen referee for the English-championship match for £250 a side between Messrs. J. Smith and A. Jackson.

JARROW, Scotland, has an expert who lately played ten games "across" and one blindfold with eleven good men and tried that city, winning a series of the board games and making a draw of the blind one.

IN BROOKLYN, N. Y., J. P. Reeve won 25 to 16 lost and 9 drawn, from P. Greene. The fifty games consisted of various openings. They are shortly to set to work on fifty more games, this time go-as-you-please.

CHESS.

To Correspondents.
J. A. JARROW—We don't think you ought to make up your mind to be baffled by a two-move, even one by so honored a master as F. B. Phelps. A problem with three keys would be of no use to us.

C. S. ROHRER—Thanks; used, as you see.

THE GREAT MATCH presents nothing especially new or interesting. There seems but a single point unsettled—the amount of stakes. It is safe to say that there will be not less than \$100 nor more than \$200 a side. Mr. Freeman, in his last published letter (*October International*), finds encouragement to conclude thus: "Congratulations to Mr. Minchin (and myself) that the match, as you state, is the greatest of modern times; it is apparently so near an actual beginning, I remain, etc."

IT IS ONLY FAIR that Mr. Gossip should be heard. Anent his challenge for the championship of Australia (not Australasia, as we were once led into writing), Mr. G. over his own name in *International*, says: "I relied on the fact that I played a drawn match, in 1890, at the Cercle des Echeecs in Paris, with M. De Beekroon, who is the leading player here (lost his game). Moreover, I won my game in the international match, by telegraph, with New South Wales, while Mr. Burns (who is generally considered the leading player here) lost his game. And although I was beaten by Mr. Burns in the handicap tourney, I defeated finally Mr. Fisher, with whom I played two drawn games. So much for public form."

As to the Australian match, Mr. G. says: "I was a small state, between Mr. Fisher and myself, were all lost by Mr. F., who, out of seven games contested with him since 1890, has been in the colony, has not scored a single one. I also won two out of three off-hand skirmishes of Mr. Burns. It was on the strength of this that I issued my challenge."

And thereby hangs a contention. Mr. Chamier, unfortunately, misread Black's last move as Q to K 8, moved 26 to B sq, and Black made his three moves neatly enough. The *Sydney Mail* claims that this clerical blunder alone cost Mr. G. the game, as he had, in the real case, only to move 26. Q to K 8 and the attack followed. The *Australian* and *Leader* demur, and assert, per contra, that Mr. C. had lost a game anyway, and back their opinion by analyses.

(e) But we do not believe this sacrifice, probably contemplated at the ninth move, can be proved sound. Certainly it ought not to have succeeded, as actually followed up.

(f) Black's last move threatened to win a piece, by B x K, followed by P to K 5; but White selects the wrong moment for this capture, which brings adverse R on the very diagonal where he is most dangerous. K R home seems the right move. White had no reason to fear it. P to Q 4, as he would reply 18. P to Q 4.

(g) By this very fine manoeuvre Black opens the K B's to his Rook.

BROTHER CHESPLAYERS, another heart of gold has passed from our long roll of contributors. I. D. J. Sweet was a man who loved chess for its own sake, for the good it contained and offered. Not so frequently a contributor as some, our deceased brother never sent a contribution that was not dignified, thoughtful and valuable.

"Farewell, pleasant place! Not Farewell is born of Care; In thy bright presence grief and tears are dumb; Hastening thy immortality to share, Dear friend, we come."

WE HAVE for some time desired to show our readers what manner of man I. D. J. Sweet was into whose hands Gossip, by reason of his "challenge," fell, and devote a good part of this issue to that object. He is classed as a chess, and a brilliant player. Not so frequently a contributor as some, our deceased brother never sent a contribution that was not dignified, thoughtful and valuable.

"Farewell, pleasant place! Not Farewell is born of Care; In thy bright presence grief and tears are dumb; Hastening thy immortality to share, Dear friend, we come."

STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."
MORE MONEY NEEDED.

The Committee in charge of the construction of the pedestal and the erection of the Statue, IN ORDER TO PAID FOR THE IRON FACED PLEDGE, have prepared a model furnished by the artist a perfect fac-simile Miniature Statue, which they are delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at the following prices:

No. 1 Statue, six inches in height, the Statue bronze, silver-plated, delivered at ONE DOLLAR EACH, delivered.

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WHITE (Mr. Chamier).
And thereby hangs a contention. Mr. Chamier, unfortunately, misread Black's last move as Q to K 8, moved 26 to B sq, and Black made his three moves neatly enough. The *Sydney Mail* claims that this clerical blunder alone cost Mr. G. the game, as he had, in the real case, only to move 26. Q to K 8 and the attack followed. The *Australian* and *Leader* demur, and assert, per contra, that Mr. C. had lost a game anyway, and back their opinion by analyses.

Ealing Defeats Chamier.
In the telegraph match, Victoria vs. New South Wales.
Via Brooklyn Chess Chronicle.

RUY LOPEZ KTS GAME.
Mr. Chamier. Mr. Esling. Mr. Chamier. Mr. Esling.
1. P to K 4 P to K 4 14. Kt to his 5 R to his 3
2. Kt to B 3 Q to B 3 15. P-K B 4 Q-K 2
3. K B-K 5 P-Q 3 16. Kt to B 3 Q-K 2
4. P-Q 3 P-Q 3 17. K B-K 4 Q-K 2
5. P-Q 3 P-Q

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